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ADDRESS

TO THE

SOLDIERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

FROM THE

GRANITE STATE LINCOLN CLUB

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED BY LEMUEL TOWERS.
1864.

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ADDRESS

TO THE

SOLDIERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

FROM THE

GRANITE STATE LINCOLN CLUB.

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

A meeting of the loyal sons of New Hampshire, held at the "Union League rooms" in Washington, D. C., September 15, 1864, proceeded to organize a "Granite State Lincoln Club," by electing the following officers: President, N. G. Ordway; Vice Presidents, M. B. Goodwin, Thomas Pearson, Lieut. Col. T. A. Barker, and John L. Carlton; Recording Secretary, John A. Prescott; Corresponding Secretary, H. W. Rowell; Treasurer, Francis H. Morgan; Ex. Com., Samuel M. Wilcox, J. H. Hobbs, I. S. M. Gove, J. C. Tasker, Major Wm. H. H. Allen, Major A. H. Young, J. T. Pike, M. G. Emery, Z. C. Robbins, and Major E. W. Farr. The object of the club, as set forth at the organization, was to aid in the distribution of loyal documents among the soldiers and citizens of the Granite State, and render such other assistance to the Union cause as might be found practicable.

Since its organization the club have distributed nearly thirty thousand copies of the ablest and best speeches and arguments tending to strengthen the loyalty and patriotism of the people yet published. A committee of one gentleman from each county in the State was chosen to prepare an address to their brethren in the field. The committee, through their chairman, Hon. E. A. Rollins, on Tuesday evening, October 18, reported the following address, which was unanimously adopted; and ten thousand copies were ordered to be printed for distribution.

JOHN A. PRESCOTT,

Recording Secretary.

ADDRESS.

SOLDIERS: In spite of the hot and violent opposition of every Democratic member of our Legislature for two long years, and through the earnest and persistent labor of all the Republicans in both its branches, you are at last clothed with the elective franchise in the field, and have in your hands another weapon with which to strike at the rebellion.

You are about to vote for the officers and the policy of our national administration for the next four years. Ballots for Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, and the Baltimore platform have already been sent to you. Upon them, for presidential electors, you will find the names of some of the purest and best men of our State, who, with our legislators, labored zealously to give you the right you are about to exercise. Other ballots will also be sent you, bearing as electors the names of some of the very men who have so long and so cruelly toiled to rob you of this richly earned and potent privilege. These men now naturally anticipate your contempt instead of your favor; but if you honestly believe in what seems to us the monstrous doctrines of the Chicago platform, and wish them vitalized and illustrated by McClellan and Pendleton, you will forgive this strange distrust and outrage, and astonish both your friends and your enemies by casting your vote for your despoilers.

We address you in obedience to instructions from "The Granite State Lincoln Club" of this city, and our words shall be few and truthful.

Measures, not men, are important. Principles—platforms which embody assumed fundamental precepts and purposes—these are what political parties are to be mainly measured by, and which are represented by the two classes of ballots referred to.

It is for this reason that we do not ask you to vote for Mr Lincoln because of his wise statesmanship, his pure morality, his warm, tender and generous sympathies, and his tried experience, nor for Mr. Johnston, because of his terrible sacrifices, his lofty patriotism and his rare intellectual power, nor to reject General McClellan for his constitutional sluggishness and indecision, his long and diligent courtship of both war men, and peace men, for partizan political purposes, nor for his wonderful performances as a dexterous juggler, in so standing upon a political platform, built largely of material from Richmond and the Canadas, that rebellion sympathizers shall seem to see him on it, and rebellion

haters shall seem to see him spurn it. We do not even ask you to reject him because of his freezing purposes towards you and his rich gratuity to rebels, of which he himself boasts over his own hand upon the fifth page of his pulished report. There you will find as the last words of his extraordinary letter to the President:

“In conclusion I would submit that the exigencies of the treasury may be lessened by making only *partial payments to our troops while in the enemy's country and by giving the obligations of the United States for such supplies as may be there obtained.*”

Your fondly cherished and dependent families among the hills and valleys of our beloved State to be sustained upon *partial payment* for your heroic service. But the obligations of the government, for supplies taken from malignant traitors, to feed its half-paid but faithful soldiers to be immediately recognized and discharged!

Nor do we ask you to refuse Mr. Pendleton your votes, because in almost every instance, during his eventful congressional career, whenever opportunity offered, he denied you his; whether it was for the increase of your numbers, the appropriation of money for your support, the more summary punishment of guerillas overtaken in their murderous hunt for your lives, or the security of homesteads for you upon the confiscated estates of insurrectionary districts.

These things are personal, and most of them vital, only as they reveal the impulses and objects of the great political parties which have selected these men as their standard bearers.

You have carefully read the platforms of these parties. They are their creed and their covenant, and by them must they stand or fall in the great tribunal of the election.

The key-note of one is the resolution that we will “*do every thing in our power to aid the government in quelling by force of arms, the rebellion now waging against its authority.*”

That of the other is that:

“After *four years of failure* to restore the Union by the experiment of war, * * * immediate efforts be *made for a cessation of hostilities*, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States or *other peaceable means* to the end, that at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored.”

These resolutions sharply reveal the very soul of the questions in issue, and, illustrated by those personal to yourselves and your families, comprise most that is of weight or value.

Now we are of those whose hearts have often throbbed at the story of your exploits, and among whom the proud names of your great battle fields quicken almost holier emotions and deeper gratitude than do Bunker Hill and Saratoga. With more than national pride have we seen that “The Father of Waters again

goes unvexed to the sea," that territory after territory and State after State have been disenthralled and redeemed, and that the entire coast rejoices again under the ample folds of our national ensign. We have long believed that the naval and military power of the Government can alone scatter rebels in arms; and we now believe that, after a few more months of exposure and toil, our battle scarred heroes will come back to us laden with the riches of unbounded triumphs and the glories of a saved and undivided nationality. Even now the rebellion, bleeding at every pore, reels and totters to its overthrow. Already does Jefferson Davis, in his recent lamentations at Macon, tell the people of Georgia, "*You have not many men between eighteen and forty-five left.*" * * * It is not proper for me to speak of the number of men in the field; but, this I will say, that two-thirds of our men are absent, some sick, some wounded, *but most of them absent without leave,*" that no troops can be sent from Lee to Hood, because "in Virginia the disparity in numbers is as great as it is in Georgia." Old Virginia, that never tired before, is tired and almost exhausted now. Already are our victorious legions threading every avenue of the confederacy, and crushing with terrible and inevitable power the despairing foe in his last strongholds. We can almost see the gathering death-damp, and hear his wail of dissolution and remorse. The exultation and thanksgiving of a nation saved—the gratitude and ascriptions of praise from the ages to come are already the reward of our gallant defenders, when lo! a sepulchral voice from Chicago, "Four years of failure"—"immediate cessation of hostilities"—"Convention of all the States or other peaceable means," all which in simple English is this: If the war goes on much longer, the rebellion will be crushed, peace men will be infamous, in greater or less degree, according to their criminality. *Soldiers* will be heroes. These vexed questions must be transferred, therefore, from the arbitrament of arms to the arbitrament of the hustings. Soldiers must make way for politicians. It is they who must wear the garlands of victory. Grant and Sherman, and Farragut, and Hooker, and Sheridan must pale before the more effulgent lights of Pendleton and Ben. Wood, August Belmont, Lazarus Powell, and Vallandigham. Our conquering armies must come back from the grave of treason they are digging, and, leaving their lamented dead, fallen in battle, to sleep in foreign soil, "unhonored and unsung," with trailing banners and unwilling steps, they must retire to the privacy of seclusion and the promised "sympathy" and charity of their cold hearted Chicago defamers, while these same political tricksters of the North and the red handed rebels of the South congratulate each other over the "cessation of hostilities," "the peaceable solution of all our difficulties," a disgraced soldiery, and a divided country.

From such a spectacle and such degradation may the God of

our Fathers deliver us. We might survive it, but our honor will be gone, our boasted institutions shipwrecked, and our proud old national ensign tarnished and lustreless. History will be ashamed of us, and our children lament the weakness and wickedness of those they must call their fathers.

These little ballots, then, are freighted heavily with destiny. There is more upon them than idle words. Upon those for Abraham Lincoln are faith in our Army, peace, civilization, freedom, and immortality. There are tears for the departed hero, love and sustenance for his bereaved ones, and profoundest honor for those who still bear their breasts to the storm. Upon those for George B. McClellan are compromise, political chicanery, pity for poor deluded soldiers, nationalized slavery and national disgrace. There are the names of Pendleton, Vallandigham, Garret Davis, and the truly loyal can almost read Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis.

Which will you cast?

When the news from the Chicago Convention reached the confederacy early in September, you heard triumphant cheers all through the rebel lines. O let them not jeer at and mock you in November.

When this accursed rebellion broke out with all its horrors, one fourth of our little army was in distant Texas, and the rebel Twiggs surrendered it to the foe. But to its everlasting honor and the honor of our army everywhere, it is written that though imprisoned for fourteen months and threatened with starvation, there was not a single private soldier who forgot his duty and turned his back upon his country.

Soldiers! you stand in the Thermopylæ of the ages. A few more sharp, quick, vigorous blows, with all the weapons God and nature have put into your hands, and your names shall be more imperishable than brass or marble.

It is more glorious to save a nation than to found one.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 18, 1862.

E. A. ROLLINS,
L. D. MASON,
D. W. PEABODY,
THOMAS PEARSON,
MYRON L. STORY,
A. J. FOGG.
J. T. PIKE.
S. S. BEAN,
E. A. KEMP,
E. H. HILDRETH,

Committee.



GRANITE STATE LINCOLN CLUB.

(Rooms south wing of the Capitol, Washington, D. C.)

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